Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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"NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED."

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Mortal here so idly sitting,
Waiting for a better day,
While so fast the hours are flitting,
Flitting rapidly away—
Know ye not it is by labor
That all blessings are attained?
Learn thou this, and teach thy neighbor:
"Nothing ventured nothing gained!"

Better time than now has never,
Or will never, to thee come!
Now's the time for grand endeavor—
Strike the nail, and drive it home!
Strike the blow whose echoes ringing
Shall be heard across the land—
Blow by blow, that shall be bringing
Benefit from out thy hand!

Be deceived not, if thy brother
Tell thee of to-morrow's cheer;
Do not heed him, for another
Day may come and thou not here.
Step by step go on and upward,
Day by day new heights attained;
Unto him who dares is given—
"Nothing ventured nothing gained!"

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER WAY.

IT was a clear, frosty morning in December. The ship had been reported by telegram to the department as ready for sea, and had received orders to proceed to her station. All hands had been called early. The first division of firemen and coal-heavers had been sent below. Fires had been started under six boilers. The executive officer's bell seemed to ring incessantly, and his messengers were kept on the run, carrying orders to different parts of the ship. The navigator had "broken out" his charts, and was looking over a portfolio of them on one of the arm chests. There was a bustle, an excitement, a thrill of life and movement through the ship which delighted Rex.

When all hands were piped to breakfast, he could hardly sit still long enough to finish. He wanted to be in all parts of the ship at once—down in the fire-room to see the furnaces; forward on the berth-deck to watch the steam windlass and the handling of the cables; up on the spar-deck to see every thing that was going on. His face and behavior betrayed the keenness of his interest. He could not understand the indifference of the old sailor men, who ate their scouse and smoked their pipes as calmly as though nothing was about to happen.

"Better fill up while yer can. You wont have much appetite when yer git outside," growled Norris.

"Yes," said another, "before many hours you'll want to punch the head of the man who wrote, 'A life on the ocean wave.'"

"I reckon he'll just about bring up those shoes o' his'n," said a third, and most of the mess applauded the prediction.

"O, what are ye givin' us?" broke in Reddy, who had shown a disposition to take Rex under his protection. Then he nodded to the latter and said: "Don't let 'em play you for a flat! You are no Jack Fresh, you aint. Don't let 'em pull yer leg! Cork yer ears up!"

Rex laughed, but said nothing. He could stand this sort of talk well enough. He could put up with roughness, but not with vulgarity.

"You'd better eat a hearty breakfast," said Andersen. "I don't believe we shall get under way until slack water, and that wont be until noon."

Rex finished his meal, and then hurried through with his "bright work." As nothing special was going on on deck, he went below and watched the wardroom steward and cook line the great ice-chest with ice, and fill it to the top with fresh meat and poultry and vegetables—enough for thirty days, he was told.

Then Reddy sauntered forward, and told Rex that he was going down into the fire-room to see them "bile the pot." A fireman had promised to show him round. Rex might come along, too, if he would like.

It was just what Rex wanted.

They went down on the berth-deck, from which there was a steep iron ladder leading down to the fire-room. They backed down this, and found themselves in what seemed to be a long, high passage-way, with an iron floor. The huge boilers were ranged on either side, their tops projecting in. The air was tropical compared with that on deck. Several firemen were "on watch." One of them came toward the two lads. He recognized Reddy and spoke to him. He looked a little sharply at Rex.

"He's all right," said Reddy, laconically; "he's a chummie o' mine; wants to see how ye do things down here."

"Well, come on," said the fireman. "This is a busy day, and we can't throw away time." His soiled uniform and skin showed that he had not been idle.

He went to the nearest furnace and pulled open the door. Rex started back, the fire was so bright and hot and roaring. His eyes and face felt scorched. Reddy grinned.

"Rather infernal, isn't it?" he said. "Can't be much hotter than that down below," and he made a significant gesture downward.

"Isn't it dreadful down here sometimes?" Rex asked, looking at the fireman.

"Well, we shall probably have it up to 160 before we get through the Red Sea," the man replied, with a light laugh.

"But how can you live in such heat?"

"O, we get along; we don't wear much clothes. Sometimes a man knocks under, faints; and we take him up on deck and bring him to, and then he comes down again. Of course, we sweat a good deal, and have to drink gallons of water. Some take oatmeal in theirs; I like brandy in mine, if I can get it," and he pushed the furnace-door to as he spoke.

They stood for a moment under one of the ventilators. A stream of cold air was rushing down with the force almost of a tempest. They moved away.

"It must be awful," said Rex, sympathetically. "I'm glad I'm not a fireman!"

The man smiled at his frank way of speaking.

Rex counted the furnaces that were in use—eighteen out of twenty-four—and asked if there was a boiler over each.

"No," said the fireman. "There are only eight boilers, but each boiler has three furnaces.

"Do you use salt water to fill them?"

"Not wholly. We start with fresh water, and keep it as fresh as we can by condensing the steam after it is used in the engine, and letting it run back into the boilers again."

There were some long iron tools in a rack overhead, and Rex asked what they were.

He was told that the one with the flat end was the "slice bar," used for breaking up clinkers; and the hoe was for drawing them out. The third tool was called the "devil's claws;" they used it to prick, or poke, the fire underneath.

"Is that the real name?" asked Rex, suspiciously.

"Why of course it is, you stupid," the fireman replied, testily. "Where have you lived all your days?"

The fireman then pointed out to the boys the manholes, into which the firemen crawl when the boilers are cold, to break off the salt-water scale. It scarcely seemed possible to Rex that a child, much less a man, could enter those apertures, but he said nothing. He showed them the water-gauges, the feed-pumps, the entrances to the coal-bunkers. He took them round the engine, and explained the way the three pistons worked, and pointed out the condensers. Then they went into the alley and saw the long, massive shaft, running away out through the stem, to which the propeller, or screw, was attached. And Rex learned that the propeller was four-bladed, had a diameter of a trifle over nineteen feet, and weighed about five tons. He looked with interest at "the coupling," by which the shaft and propeller could be detached at pleasure, or when the ship was under sail. Then an inquiry occurred to him.

"Isn't this all below the water?"

"Why, certainly," the fireman answered, "about fifteen feet below. On board a man-of-war the boilers and engine have to be put below the water-line, to be out of reach of the enemy's shot."

"But if this shaft passes *through* the stern, what keeps the water from rushing in around it?"

"O, we have tight-fitting stuffing-boxes, packed with hemp, which keeps the thing water-tight."

Passing around the other side of the engine, they saw the great cylinder-heads, three in number, two for the low pressure and one for the high pressure, and each nearly five feet in diameter.

"Here," said the fireman, pointing to a large pipe, "the steam comes in here from the boilers; it goes into the cylinders and moves the engine which turns the screw; then it goes by this pipe," pointing to another, "into the condensers, and is cooled into water, and runs back into the boilers again."

Rex inquired the horse-power of the engine, and was told that it was about three thousand.

Just then a loud bell was struck in the engine-room. The engineer of the watch stepped to a large brass wheel on a standard and turned it. A smaller wheel beneath revolved with great rapidity and rattle. Keeping his eye upon a slowly moving indicator on a bulkhead, he gave a sign to a machinist who had jumped to a small wheel over one of the cylinders. He moved the wheel, and with a rush of steam the great pistons slowly started.

Rex gazed in wonder. Then he felt the ship moving. A sudden fear crossed him that they were already under way; but no. After a few revolutions two bells were sounded, and the engine was stopped. They were only "turning her over," the fireman explained, to see that every thing worked smoothly.

Rex and his companion reached the deck just in time to "fall in" at quarters, and answer to their muster.

After the usual inspection, orders were given to "secure the battery for sea." The crews proceeded to pivot, and in some cases lash, their guns in such a position that they would not "carry away" with the rolling or pitching of the ship—a very important precaution, considering the fact that these guns each weighed over seventeen thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the gun-carriages.

Then preparations were made to "unmoor ship," and Rex stole down to the berth-deck to see the steam windlass heave in on the heavy cables, and watch the movement of the engine.

At 11:30 all strangers were sent "over the side;" the great accommodation ladders were unshipped, piece by piece, by the "carpenter's gang," and hoisted inboard; the anchor was hove up, and, as the crew "walked away" with "the cat" and "the fish," Rex "tailing on," and pulling with the greatest zeal, the gallant ship started on her long cruise. There was a bridge across the deck abaft the foremast, with a pilot-house in the center; on this bridge the captain, executive officer, navigating officer, and officer of the deck took their position. Four men grasped the spokes of the wheel, and were directed by a quartermaster, who stood at the standard compass, and received orders from the bridge what course to steer. Another quartermaster "in the chains" hove the lead, singing out the depth of the water as he did so. Astern of them the buildings of the great city began to fade away. Ahead of them could be seen the Narrows, with Staten Island on one side and Fort Hamilton on the other. Great ocean steamers passed them, dipping their colors as they went by—just arriving from far-off ports. Tug-boats and local steamers were hurrying in every direction. Some of the crew, who were leaving family or friends behind, were casting lingering glances backward. Others, who had no ties, or if they had them were indifferent, kept on with their work, preparing "chafing-gear,' or putting covers round the boats, or otherwise securing them for sea.

Swiftly sped the ship through the Narrows, the propeller churning the water into foam behind her. When "the compass station" in the lower harbor was reached, the engine was "slowed down," in order to "swing ship for compass deviation." All that Rex could see was that the ship steamed slowly round a circle, observations being taken by the navigator at every point. This occupied about an hour. Then "the departure" was taken, Sandy Hook Lightship bearing W.-S.-W., distant about a mile, and with a light head breeze and smooth sea, the ship plowed her way eastward.

Leaning over the port taffrail, Rex gazed at the retreating shores of Long Island, bright in the glow of the afternoon sun. The stately hotels on Coney Island and Far Rockaway were pointed out to him by Reddy, who let fall many a terse comment upon the glitter and follies of those famous resorts.

They went to evening quarters at 4:15; then came "sunset," the band playing the national air as the colors were slowly hauled down. As the band ceased, the lookout aloft, in the slings of the fore-topsail yards, sang out,

"Light ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Broad on the port bow, sir."

It was Fire Island Light, visible from aloft, but not from the deck.

The last trace of land was now vanishing. Several officers on the port side of the quarter-deck were watching it. One, a trifle more sentimental than the others, began the well-known words, "My native land, good-night!" but was immediately chaffed down by a reckless companion.

At "prayer at hammocks" the engine was stopped while the chaplain acknowledged the mercies of the by-gone day, and besought the protection of Him whose "way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters."

Four bells were struck, and the order was given to "heave

the log." The cadet on duty walked aft, singing out as he did so,

"Hold the reel, afterguard!"

Rex sprang forward and seized the reel. He had never held one before in his life, but he had noticed how it was done in the afternoon, and he held it now with both hands high above his head. The officer took the end of the line, adjusted the plug, gave the line a twitch, which set the reel a-going, gathered up a coil and flung it over, watching it as it ran out. "Clear glass!" he said to the quartermaster, who was holding a small sand-glass where the light from an electric lantern could fall upon it.

"Clear glass!" the quartermaster responded.

"Stand by—*turn!*"

The line ran out swiftly for about a quarter of a minute.

"Up!" said the quartermaster, and the officer checked the line, noting the mark on it nearest the rail.

Eleven knots strong!" he remarked to a brother officer standing by.

"Pretty good that, with only six boilers!"

"Yes; she's just humming!"

The officer then went to the other quarter, and leaned over to get the reading of the patent log.

"Forty-seven knots, six fathoms, on our way," he remarked, as he went forward to report to the officer of the deck.

"Station the deck lookouts!" was the next order from the bridge, and those appointed from each part of the ship went to their stations—two to the cat-heads, two to the gangways, one to each quarter.

Rex sat for a long time in the gathering darkness, on a halliard rack, not far from his gun. His thoughts were in a turmoil. He could scarcely realize that he was out on the broad ocean; that his relations with his old home and his native land were severed; that he could not go back now if he wanted to. And he did not wish to. The cool salt breeze fanned his cheek. He had never breathed such air before. The ship struck a swell, and began to rise and fall with it. He wondered if he was going to be sea-sick; wondered what it was like; and comforted himself with the thought that however disagreeable it might be, there were lots of others in the ship besides himself who were making their first cruise "on the briny," and he could stand it as well as they. Then he thought of the new life which he had adopted, and how much he had to learn. He was surprised to find how illusive many of his ideas about it had been; how unlike the reality compared with what he had read in books. Then he mused of what lay before him. The sea was smooth now, but it would not stay so. They would have storms before long, and then he would behold the sea in all its grandeur. Before him rose the fascinating vista of foreign lands. In a few weeks he would see Spain on the one side, Africa on the other; he would explore the mighty fortress of Gibraltar; he would sail through the tideless waters of the blue Mediterranean. Marseilles, Naples, the Strait of Messina, Port Said, the Canal, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Bombay—his imagination reveled in them all.

Six bells were struck, and the log was again hove. Rex heard, for the first time, "the hail passed" by the lookouts. It began away forward with "Starboard cat-head!" "Port cat-head!" Then it was taken up in the waist of the ship, "Starboard gangway!" "Port gangway!" and ended with the lookouts near him, "Starboard quarter!" "Port quarter!"

The port watch stood first that night. Rex had been notified by the captain of his part of the ship that he would be one of the lookouts, and that his station would be on the bridge on the port side. He could hardly wait for the time to come. He lingered about the deck until the orderly reported "eight bells."

"Strike the bell eight! Call the watch!" shouted the officer through his trumpet.

The boatswain's mates piped, and the hoarse call, "All the port watch!" was heard along the decks.

"Relieve the wheel and lookouts!"

The order was passed as before, and Rex saw the chief boatswain's mate go aft to see that it was executed. He at once went up to his own station on the bridge.

"Set the watch!"

Again came the long, shrill piping, followed by "All the watch!" from the boatswain's mate.

The men gathered in the port gangway, and were mustered by a cadet. The starboard watch went below to their hammocks.

The officer of the deck passed the trumpet to the officer relieving him, notified him what course was to be steered, and left the bridge. The ship became quiet.

Rex walked up and down the bridge with strange sensations. He had to keep his eyes all around the horizon, and report at once any object, and especially any light. His surroundings were pleasingly novel. Back of him rose the huge smoke-pipe, vomiting volumes of dense smoke from its top. Around it were the ventilators. He could look aft and see the dim outline of the deck, the towering main and mizzen masts with their yards and rigging; the boats, double-banked on each quarter. Before him rose the foremast; and the head booms clove the darkness. The ship's "running lights" shed a faint radiance over the water—green on one side, red on the other.

The hours passed on. The navigator came up, gave a look around, joked a little with the officer of the deck, and went down again. The captain came to the bridge, went into the pilot-house, turned on an electric lantern, examined the chart, looked at the barometer, noted the direction of the wind, conversed a few moments with the officer of the deck, and returned to his cabin. The master-at-arms came and reported the "nine o'clock lights out, and both steerages ask for an extension." The report was sent to the captain, and the extension was granted. Rex maintained his steady watch upon the horizon, but there was nothing to report.

He soon got tired walking up and down in the confined space; and keeping up this strained alertness. He began to feel uncomfortable, too, as the swell increased, and the bows plowed more deeply into it.

He resisted the sensations for a while, tried not to think of them, but they grew upon him. Suddenly he was seized with a deathly sickness, of which he had never known the like before. Stepping hastily to the end of the bridge, and leaning far over the rail, he settled his accounts with Neptune. The relief was instant. The nausea was gone. He could not explain it—it seemed to him utterly unaccountable—but he never felt better in his life than when he returned to the middle of the bridge and resumed his duty. He had no return of the discomfort. Nor did he speak of it to any one except the officer of the deck, who chaffed him a little about it, but kindly offered him a glass of water which his messenger had brought to him. In days that followed many of his shipmates felt "far from gay," but Rex got his "sea-legs" on, and was as bright and cheerful as though he had been cradled in the deep.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. III.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

EUROPEAN CATHEDRALS—CALVIN'S CHURCH—MEMORIALS—METHODISTS IN CALVIN'S AUDITOIRE.

AFTER a brief rest at the restaurant mentioned in my last, we resumed our pilgrimage to scenes with which the name of Calvin is associated, and soon reached the cathedral, on the summit of the city hill.

The first view of a European cathedral by an American traveler leaves a more ineffaceable impression upon his imagination than any thing else he sees in the Old World except the Alps. The cathedrals are the sublimest structures of

Europe; the grandest of her palaces cannot be compared with them; for, if some of the palaces are more extended, they are not so lofty and have not as complete artistic unity, nor so much artistic detail or symbolic suggestiveness, and seldom as much historical significance. My first sight of one, nearly fifty years ago, was in moonlight at Rouen, on my way from Havre to Paris. I stood before it in a sort of poetic trance; its grand *façade* and lofty towers reaching heavenward in the dim light, and casting long shadows on the surrounding scene, seemed a spectral embodiment of the Middle Ages. My first view of the Milan Cathedral was also by moonlight, and can never be forgotten. Its marble walls and 135 pinnacles, with their 2,500 exterior statues, seemed a "city of God" which had descended from heaven and was still all aglow with the celestial light. This, at Geneva, is not one of the grandest, but almost appears to be, by comparison with the little city which clings to the sides of the hill that it crowns. Seen from the suburbs, not only its three large towers (one of them 130 feet high), but all its upper outlines, are visible. It is the chief feature and chief pride of the town. Before it is a spacious area, with goodly trees, seats, and a fountain; the open spaces on its three other sides are sufficiently wide to give it relief amidst the surrounding mass of buildings—an advantage often sacrificed in French and German cathedral towns. It is nearly nine hundred years old, and was built on the foundations of a Roman temple of Apollo. Architectural critics pronounce it a good, an "uncorrupted specimen of the Gothic of its period." There is one flagrant exception, however. Looking up at its lofty front you are startled by a singular example of the bad taste of the last century, an inadmissible anachronism; for its portico (built in 1749, and which would be imposing enough elsewhere) is of Greek style—a superb Corinthian *façade* to a Gothic temple! Not quite so bad a solecism is the beautiful chapel of the Maccabees, built in 1404, right against the left wall of the great structure, by Jean de Bragny, a peasant, or "swineherd," but a man of talents and virtues, who became a Prince Bishop of Geneva and a Cardinal.

On entering the church you tread on marble slabs which cover the graves of priests and canons of the old Catholic times, once, perhaps, notable characters, but their epitaphs, like their fame, are now nearly obliterated. Pausing here, and looking down the far-stretching nave, with the two side aisles defined off by massive pillars, and its long perspective ending in the spacious choir, or chancel (some of whose three tiers of windows bear the dim-stained glass pictures of the Middle Ages), you are impressed by the simple dignity and beauty of the edifice, and accept the opinion of the guide-books that this interior is an "excellent example of its style." Its proportions are perfect; its large rose and other colored windows have fine effect, throwing their hues upon floor and pillar. You are, nevertheless, struck with the bare aspect which this, like most other large Catholic churches appropriated by Protestantism presents. They were constructed for splendid ornamentation, statues, pictures, side chapels, etc. Here Calvinism tore away nearly all such traces of the old faith, and the walls look chillingly bare. On one of them is a small tablet of black marble, with an inscription to the memory of the French nobleman Agrippa d'Aubigné, famous in the history of the Huguenots, and ancestor of Madame de Maintenon, who, after being brought up a Protestant, turned Catholic, became the wife of Louis XIV., and induced that monarch to revoke the Edict of Nantes and persecute her people—surprising caprice of woman, and irony of history. In what was once the chapel of the Virgin Mary is a massive monument to another French defender of the Reformation, the Duke of Rohan, who, at his own request, rests here by the side of his duchess. These are the only relief to the bare walls; you look in vain for monuments to Calvin, Farel, Beza, etc.—memorials that should be here, and which might partially supply the places of the old Catholic decorations. The apse, or chancel, itself is occupied by benches for hearers.

A small space opposite the pulpit is given to the ancient stalls of the canons; they are in good Florentine style, with quaintly carved symbols, and a background presenting effigies of the apostles. Some of the carvings on the seats are humorous, if not vulgar, as are some on the capitals of the great pillars. The old monk artists had genius and, doubtless, some piety, but a good deal of humor also; they often joked amidst their work, as many a grotesque sculpture on the churches of northern and middle Europe show. It is a wonder that this piece of art was left by the iconoclastic reformers. They were determined, under Calvin's rigorous counsels, to make thorough work of the Reformation, and in some respects made it too thorough; for the most comfortless and chilling interiors of Geneva are those of its churches. They made thoroughly good work with the "lying wonders," the miracle-working "relics," of the old churches, and by exposing such "pious frauds" won over the people more effectually than by all Calvin's dialectics. There was a famous supposed brain of some ancient saint, which drew to one of the churches hosts of invalids, many of whom went away cured. The reformers wrested it from its precious shrine, and had it examined; it was found to be a carved lump of pumice-stone, and became a mighty argument against popery. Calvin used this sort of logic very effectually in his writings as well as in the pulpit. "St. Sebastian," he said, "has left four entire bodies, besides two heads, one in St. Peter's at Rome, another in Toulouse; and they have also four separate arms of him, one at Angers, another at Toulouse, another at Auvergne, and another at Montbrison; these, besides fragments of him in many churches. Where, then, shall we invoke the real relics of St. Sebastian?" A Genevese writer says that his "polemics, in this form, penetrated through all ranks of the people."

The pulpit is the chief object of interest to foreigners; for there Calvin spoke words of power which, blending with those of Luther at Wittenberg, are still echoing round the world. It is not the old Catholic pulpit, but a little, narrow, round box, against one of the massive pillars, and canopied by the inevitable "sounding-board," which is itself antique. There is a famous seat in it called "Calvin's chair," of dark wood, with slight Gothic carvings—a tight, solid article with a straight back, as stiff and stanch as the moral "back-bone" of Calvin himself. It is sacred to the pulpit on Sundays, but is placed on the floor beneath it on week-days for the accommodation of travelers from all Protestant lands, who gratify their self-complacency by sitting in it. My veteran Yankee friend sat in it with a genial Arminian smile, remarking what a gratification it would have been to his dear old father, the venerated deacon, could he have done so. But, alas! the good old deacon has gone; the "orthodoxy" of his son has gone; and here, also, the old Calvinism has gone; it is now never preached in this pulpit, and probably never again will be. Calvin did gigantic work against popery; he broke more completely away from it than did the monk Luther, especially in respect to its central idea—transubstantiation or the mass; but, on the Protestant side, his teachings have reacted in Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and are now reacting in England, Scotland, and America.

Immediately across the street, at the left of the cathedral, is another memorial of the great man, an ecclesiastical-looking building called the *Auditoire*, inclosing a chapel and rooms for the *Consistoire*. Calvin's "College" could not accommodate the throngs who were eager to hear his theological lectures, and he had to repeat them here. Here, also, twice a week, he discussed with all comers important theses. Farel, Beza, the city authorities, and the excited people crowded the auditorium—friends and opponents—and strange scenes sometimes occurred there, for it was an age of debate. A Swiss author says they occasionally broke up in a *mêlée*, using their canes vigorously about each others' heads, and, as Hudibras said,

> "Proving their doctrines orthodox . .
> By apostolic blows and knocks."

All is tranquil here now. These massive old walls and groined ceilings, built apparently for all time, never now

echo clamorous polemics, but hymns of devotion and charity, and, what is most remarkable, they are Methodist hymns. The ancient *Auditoire* is actually occupied by a member of our Italian Conference (an accomplished Waldensian, Rev. Mr. Malan), and his church is made up of converted Italian Catholics; for you must remember that about a tenth of the Swiss are Italians, and they are numerous in this city. In the Reformation days its use, on Sunday, was voted by the municipality to Italian "refugees," and here still are the Italians, no longer Calvinists, but Arminians—a congregation of about a hundred, including some fifty communicants, and a Sunday-school with seventy pupils. An American journal has lately said that the German and Italian missionaries of Methodism have met and clasped hands under the shadow of the Alps. It is, indeed, a notable fact, for, not far away, on this same hill, is our German congregation, the devoutest one I know of in Geneva. As I have sat in these assemblies, I have wondered what may yet come of the remarkable developments of Methodism in this old world of Europe. Here under the shadow of Calvin's cathedral they seem an historical irony; but certainly a salutary irony. May it go on! There is already on the Continent (exclusive of England) an army of 43,230 Methodists, with 279 traveling and 352 local preachers. There is a coming history for them.

We took leave of these memorable scenes with another glance at the lofty towers. They were bathed in the light of the evening sun. Around them were wheeling innumerable swallows—those creatures of beautiful shape and swiftest wing, which, more than any other birds, love the habitations and temples of man. Their joyous flight among these heights seemed a very ecstasy. Did I believe in the old Indian metempsychosis I might suppose them to be spirits of the ancient worshipers, revisiting their grand old temple, and rapturous over its grander old history.

ANGEL ENTERTAINERS.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"PUT a name to it, Peggy!"

"It" was the new Sophomore-class Club at Burnt-bannock Hall, and Peggy was a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, who was just coming down the long corridor.

"Angel Entertainers!" said Peggy, quick as a flash.

That was Peggy's forte and genius—readiness. Peggy and the occasion were like flint and tinder, fire and tow.

"Well!" exclaimed Susie Ellis. "I've always wanted to be an angel, but I guess the member will have to rise and explain before we know the significance of Angel Entertainers."

"Could information be obtained here as to the precise nature and object of such a society?" drawled Della Morse, languidly.

"O don't put on airs!" cried Cora Gray, impatiently. "It makes me want to sneeze, a'd I've got a co'd id by dose dow" (continued the lively chatterer) "all along of Della's icy atmosphere."

"O, I don't mind!" laughed Peggy, coming around behind Della and tucking her curly brown head under one of Della's folded arms. "It don't freeze my young blood a bit. Somebody's got to have 'airs' to give tone to the school. Two or three more such girls as Cora and me would 'bring down the average,' as Miss Plummer always threatens about whispering. But truly, I'm in earnest about the name. I've got an idea. I want us to do like that man who wrote his epitaph to suit him, and then tried to live up to it."

"What can angels entertain?" asked Susie Ellis; "each other?"

"O you're to entertain the angels! Forty-seven of 'em!"

"The Freshies!" cried all the girls in chorus. "Well, I never!"

"No, I know you never did, but let's begin now," said Peggy, mischievously. "I can't get it out of my ears about that sermon last Sunday—'for ye know the heart of a stranger'—indeed, I do, and wasn't I homesick! If it hadn't been for you and your pickle-bottle, Cora darling, I shouldn't be here recommending the Freshman class to mercy!

"Why, we don't 'haze' them!" said Susie.

"I should hope not!" laughed Cora, taking a bite of her beloved pickle.

"But you go around with eyes uplifted, and your hair done up in the Frenchiest of French twists to awe the country girls, and you wear your most ravishing dresses, and—O, *I* know! *Didn't* I hate all the Sophomore back hair a year ago this time! And mine wouldn't grow that way if I stood on my head till 'twas gray. It's oppressing the down-trodden to look so! We ought to be good to the poor innocents. And we *might* be 'entertaining angels unawares!'"

"Peggy's right!" said Della, suddenly. "You all say I'm top-lofty, but I don't mean it. Let's begin this year and be perfectly lovely to the younger girls. I'll wear my old gingham!"

This magnanimous offer was received with laughing applause. Della's "dusting-dress" was the acme of dowdiness. But it touched the key-note of kindness and good-will.

"And Susie wont say '*dé*-pot,' if the new ones put a dozen e's in *dee*-pot!" said Cora, promising for her.

"Here come a few of the 'angels unawares!'" said Kitty Beale, turning the wattles of the blinds so she could see. "Two, three, four trunks and six girls. Some of 'em must be twins. Well, girls, let's go and get on our best bibs and tuckers. O, I forgot!—it's dusting-dresses! May we comb our hair, please?"

"If you don't, I'll pull it!" cried Peggy, chasing her on tiptoe through the hall, that the teachers might not be disturbed.

The teachers noticed that night a quiet little rustle of friendliness as the new-comers filed in timidly and went to their own place at the tables allotted year after year to the Freshman class. The usual staring was omitted, and at the close of the meal the principal said pleasantly that she was glad to announce a little entertainment and supper which had been prepared as a welcome to their new sisters.

"O dear!" groaned Peggy. "It'll be stiff as Miss Plummer's quince-curls with an invitation like that. Let me get out of the door, girls! Make way for liberty!"

Once out of the door, she turned and spoke hurriedly as they filed past:

"Come up to the north corridor, girls, and have some fun. Let's have one good time before the 'shades of the prison-house begin to close!'"

The forty-seven knocked at the door as one man. Peggy let them in one by one, putting each one through a comical catechism which she directed an invisible secretary to record with the answers, and place among the archives. Once in, Peggy's nonsense knew no limits. It overflowed and inspired the other girls; it chased away the last lingering line of sobriety from the faces of the soberest, and it made the homesick forty-seven feel as if they had dropped by chance into a corner of that paradise that Adam forfeited so many years ago.

They played games; they sang; they made riddles; they guessed conundrums; they told stories; they had a good time. Peggy had an indulgence of an extra half-hour for this night, but at the nine o'clock warning they were invited to Peggy's room to a banquet consisting of free-will offerings from such of the trunks as had arrived. None of the forty-seven could guess why Peggy persisted in calling a heaped-up platter of Shrewsbury cookies "Angel cake."

At the close of the feast Peggy rose solemnly, and after a grandiloquent speech beginning, "Brothers, the white man bids you welcome," she bestowed upon each bewildered Freshman the gift of a cane—small, slender, blue-ribboned, and comically suggestive of "cane rushes," which (Peggy remarked pompously) they in common with other leading colleges had resolved to frown down.

Well, it was a childish bit of school-girlish performance. There were no wise heads to laugh at them. But forty-seven homesick girls went to bed happy who, else—some of them—would have cried themselves to sleep; and thirty or forty others had a lesson in the golden rule that lasted them half a life-time; while an elder-sisterly spirit was born and grew that smoothed the hubbly path of learning and made that year's study not quite so much a weariness to the flesh of the forty-seven "Angels Unawares."

OUR SECOND FRANKLIN.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

EVERY bright-minded youth indulges at times in dreams of his future life, filling his imagination with fanciful pictures of deeds to be done and possessions to be acquired in the years that are to come. But these cloud-palaces soon melt into airy nothingness. It costs no effort to create them, and they are profitless as idle visions of the night. One valuable fact learned and associated with the principle which it illustrates is worth all the day-dreams that ever haunted the fancy of the most highly gifted mind. Knowledge fits the mind to do its best; dreaming steeps it in sloth and unfits it for achievement.

Yet even men who have became illustrious have had day-dreams in their youth. JOSEPH HENRY, the subject of this sketch, who has been called our second FRANKLIN, had his in his boyhood; and had he not in good season dismissed his dreams and consecrated himself to laborious study, the great world would have seen no reason for ranking him, as it now does, with the greatest philosophers and noblest scientists of modern times. Born in Albany, December, 1799, of poor parents, taught in the shallow lore of the district school, put to work in a grocery store at Galway, N. Y., when ten years of age, he grew up showing no desire for knowledge, yet dreaming vaguely at times of what he might be in the future.

One day the escape of his pet rabbit led to a change in his mental habits. The rabbit sought a hiding-place beneath the village meeting-house. Joseph pursued it through the hole in the wall by which it had entered, and was tempted by the light which peeped through the broken floor to ascend from the cellar into the vestibule of the church. There he found the village library. A religious novel, entitled "The Fool of Quality," met his eye. Struck with its title he took it to his home, read it, returned it to its place, selected another and yet another novel, and thereby acquired such a taste for romantic reading as to become an habitual novel-reader. The indulgence of this taste awakened a still worse one. He became passionately fond of theatrical performances. Removing to Albany he joined a private theatrical association, for which he wrote one or two plays, and was in a fair way to become an actor and possibly a dramatic writer. This was development; but it was in a wrong direction. A mind fed on fiction cannot grow into power, and a life spent in play-acting is worse than wasted.

From such a starveling's life Joseph Henry was saved by a seeming trifle which gave sudden inspiration to his slumbering genius. He was in his sixteenth year and had been for some time employed by a silversmith, when a slight illness sent him to his mother's house for rest and recovery. While there, he one day enters the chamber of a gentleman who is one of his mother's boarders. A book on the table meets his eye. He opens it. Its title is, "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Etc., for the Use of Young Persons." On its first page he finds several questions by which his curiosity is piqued. He reads the explanations which follow the questions. He is wonderfully impressed. He sees, as by a sudden flash of light, the entrance to the path of knowledge. He perceives what real knowledge is. He hears the voice of nature calling him into what is to him "a new world of thought and enjoyment." His mind responds with filial affection, and he mentally exclaims:

"I will immediately commence to devote myself to the acquisition of knowledge."

This was no idle impulse, but a purpose rigid as iron, springing from the depths of his now powerfully awakened intellect and welding itself to his unconquerable will. It changed the current of his life. He at once abandoned fiction and the theater. He began a life of study, first at an evening school, next at the Albany Academy, supporting himself while in this latter institution first by teaching a country district school, and next by giving private lessons to the sons of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Albany patroon.

It was hard work at first, but he heroically persisted. His progress was such that his friends, noting his qualities, procured him a position as State surveyor for a new road across the State. He did this work well, and was then appointed assistant teacher in the Albany Academy. Here his abilities shone out, and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics. In this chair he toiled seven hours a day. Yet after performing this daily drudgery he spent the remaining hours of the day in trying to wring from Mother Nature the secrets of the laws by which she was governed.

The world did not then know that the mantle of our great Franklin had fallen upon his shoulders. He was, however, an original observer, and in 1831 he astonished the scientific world by publishing a paper containing his remarkable discoveries in electro-magnetism. It was his discoveries in this department that made the electric telegraph possible. "Morse," said one, his eulogist, after his death, "was but the inventor of a machine, Joseph Henry was the philosophic discoverer of the principle."

In 1832 Henry was elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at Princeton. In 1846 he was elected Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Henceforth, until his death in 1878, he was the organizing and inspiring genius of that important institution, and he gave it a form and character by which it commanded, and still commands, the respect of the scientific world. For himself he sought no personal honor, except, as he said, "to establish *and to deserve* the reputation of a man of science." This reputation he won through his numerous discoveries of scientific principles, and to-day no one challenges his right to rank high among the princes of science.

You see that Joseph Henry was a self-made man. Circumstances did very little for him, but he compelled such conditions as he found around him to bend to his purpose to acquire knowledge. But for that high purpose he, too, could not have been what he was. His fidelity to it led him to success and usefulness, for "no quest for the holy grail was ever made with more chivalric, vigilant, and reverent pursuit than he made for the subtle and secret forces of the magnet."

To his honor be it further said, Professor Henry was a Christian philosopher. He found the same God in nature that he saw revealed in the Bible. And he reverently loved him. His delight was in God, his pleasure he sought and found in the knowledge of God's works. Of this exalted pleasure he never grew weary, but found, as Lord Bacon did, and as the reader may, that "while in all other pleasures there is satiety, of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and knowledge are perpetually interchangeable."

AN OLD-TIME LETTER.

WHEN the vain, imperious, yet withal kind-hearted Queen Elizabeth held her court in England, she had about her able scholars, writers, and poets, polished courtiers, brave soldiers, and daring sailors.

Foremost in this assembly of learning, wit, and valor stood Sir Philip Sidney, who charmed all by his modest bearing, his brilliant conversation, and the spotless purity of his character. Sidney was a gentleman, not because the blood of a great and powerful house coursed in his veins, not because he had bowed before his sovereign to receive the gentle blow of knighthood,

but because his heart throbbed with a warm love for what is true and pure and noble, because as knight he owned allegiance to One higher than earthly princes.

Sir Philip in one of his books describes the character of a gentleman as "courtesie deep-seated in a heart of purity." Judged by his own standard Sidney is not found wanting.

At ten the young Philip was sent away to school, and before he was twenty he had graduated from Oxford, studied at Cambridge, and traveled on the Continent. Always a favorite with the often fickle Elizabeth, he was a popular governor of Ireland and Wales, and it was while fighting gallantly for his sovereign in the Low Countries that he received his death-wound at the battle of Zutphen. An incident of this battle is often told to illustrate the character of Sidney. It is a familiar story, but it tells of a thoughtful, unselfish spirit so rarely found that repetition can do no harm. Lord Brooke, an eye-witness, relates it:

"In passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

Even when mortally wounded Sidney did not forget that he was a gentleman. We may well ask with interest what influences were exerted on the man to make him the favorite of his own times, and a model for succeeding generations.

Sidney, like many another, owed much, if not all, to the influence of a refined Christian home. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, taught Philip to value character more highly than a coronet, and to know no fear save the fear of God.

A letter from Sir Henry to his son has been preserved. It was written to twelve-year-old Philip when he was away at school. More than three centuries have passed, but this letter, loving and wise, merits as careful a reading by the young of the nineteenth century as it received from the gentle, respectful little Philip away back in the days of good Queen Bess. Here is the letter, with its quaint, old-fashioned forms and phrases:

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON PHILIP SIDNEY, 1566.

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoked me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words, so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given by the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearer take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, that noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*,* one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip), this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

A SITKA SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

EARLY one Sunday morning, in the summer of 188–, the passengers on board the steamer *Idaho* were aroused from sleep by the ringing of bells, the shuffling of feet on deck, the hoarse commands of the officer of the watch, and the numerous other noises which, to the experienced, are a certain indication that a landing is in progress. The passengers in this instance were thoroughly experienced. But ten days of coasting among the Alaska islands had shown them the folly of turning out at three o'clock on a foggy morning to be rewarded very likely with a glimpse of a salmon-canning factory, a crowd of monotonous-looking Chinamen, and a score or two of dejected Indians in bright-colored blankets. In consequence, although we knew that we had reached Sitka—the writer was one of the experienced passengers—we turned over in our narrow berths, vainly seeking an accidentally soft spot, and resolved to begin the day as usual at the instance of the rising gong.

When the steward had gone his sleep-dispelling rounds, and after a hurried toilet we reached the deck, a beautiful picture was spread before us. The sun, an early riser in that latitude during the summer, was already well started on his course. In one direction lay the bay of Sitka, dotted with countless islands, a lovely study in blue and green. In the outer harbor a U. S. man-o'-war was just coming to anchor, and the men were swarming aloft to furl the sails, which hung in huge white folds from the yards. There was just breeze enough to make a ripple on the water, and to show the stars and stripes floating lazily at the stern. After a glance seaward, we eagerly turned our gaze to the shore. The *Idaho* lay at the end of a pier which was crowded with a motley company—sailors from our ship, two or three naval officers, and some seamen from the gun-boat in the harbor, a group of soldiers from the barracks, a number of Russians and Americans, and, last of all, a crowd of Alaska natives, in a countless variety of picturesque costumes, ranging from the aristocratic *Chilcat* blanket to the plebeian contrivance of old sacking, with a lavish sprinkling of holes.

Our attention was attracted by a group of Indian boys dressed in blue suits of a decidedly civilized cut, and wearing caps somewhat military in style. On inquiry we learned that these young fellows were from the mission school, and had come down to the steamer with a teacher from the institution to escort our party to the morning Sunday-school.

Gladly accepting the invitation, we went below for a late and hurried breakfast, and soon re-appeared ready for our

* A disgrace to one's family

expedition. Time and space are wanting to tell of the interesting and novel things we saw as we made our way through the main street of the town toward the mission—the Russian Palace on the hill to the right, the barracks and parade ground, the old block-houses, the Greek church with its dome and pointed steeple, and a real cow, for to us who had known the meager compensations of condensed milk for ten days the sight of a cow was both novel and refreshing.

On reaching the mission house, a long, roomy white building overlooking, from the top of a gentle slope, an inlet of the bay, we were ushered into a drawing-room, which completely destroyed the assurance we were just beginning to feel, that we really were in a foreign land, or, at least, a country remote from civilization. The room was furnished handsomely, not extravagantly, and was filled with curiosities, which the Indians had given to the missionaries. A pleasant half-hour was spent in examining these objects under the kindly direction of the ladies and gentlemen of the school, and then we were ushered into the school-room where the boys and girls were already assembled.

The room was large and well-lighted, and the seats and desks such as are found in any school-room in the East. The scholars, however, presented a dazzling appearance. All the colors of the rainbow were fully represented in the dresses of the girls, while in the rear sat a no less brilliant row of delighted mothers who expressed, by their broad smiles, their satisfaction with every thing in general, and their own children in particular.

We took some chairs which had been reserved for us, and looked about curiously.

Suddenly one of the young ladies in our party exclaimed, "There's my sister's old hat!" She was from San Francisco, and said she remembered that the missionary society of her church had sent a box of clothing to this mission, so there was no mystery connected with the appearance of this hat in so distant a clime. One of our hosts, hereupon, exclaimed that in this little assembly of reclaimed savages styles from all parts of the United States were represented. Dresses from Boston and Chicago were sitting side by side, and hats from Maine and Louisiana, forgetful of sectional feeling, drew near to one another as their dusky little wearers exchanged whispered comments upon the strange visitors.

We had begun to feel at home by the time the exercises opened. One of the missionaries announced a hymn, one of the older girls took her place at the organ, and the verses were sung with an enthusiasm and earnestness which might put to shame a New York school of twice the size. The words were Indian but the tune a familiar one, and as we listened to it our thoughts strayed away to our distant homes. The clothes which these children wore were from many widely different sections of our great country, but the hymn was common to all alike, and typified the unifying spirit which makes these poor Indians and their benefactors children of the same Father.

The hymn finished, the missionary led in the Lord's Prayer, which the scholars repeated with him. Another hymn followed, and then in a few words the leader told the children that we came from the great States, that we were in sympathy with them, and that some of our party would speak to them.

A manly-looking young Indian of about eighteen acted as interpreter, and several gentlemen of our number addressed the school. After a sentence or two, the speaker would pause, while in a low, monotonous voice the young interpreter put the words into the Indian tongue. Notwithstanding this tedious double process, the children sat in perfect quiet, giving close and respectful attention to every word. We could not but contrast this scene with the familiar sight of an American Sunday-school under similar circumstances, and wonder how long it would be before the Sitka school, in return for our services, would send us Indian missionaries to teach our fairer boys and girls lessons in good order and reverence.

When the addresses were finished and a closing hymn sung, we were shown through the mission house, which was a model of cleanliness and good order. Then bidding farewell and God-speed to our entertainers, we returned to dine on board the *Idaho*, pleased and profited by our visit to the Sitka Sunday-school.

BUSINESS AND BOOKS.

BY J. L. HURLBUT, D.D.

Every youth with an aspiring soul looks forward eagerly to a time when he shall enter upon a life of work. But there is a question which our youth would do well to consider: What is a man's real work? A surface view would give the answer that it is that labor by which he earns his living and, perhaps, wins a fortune. But that is a surface view only. A deeper thought will show that the true work of a man is that by which he feeds his mind and his soul, and helps to feed the minds and souls of others. The other, commoner toil, may be a necessity in order that his body may have standing-room in the world, and vantage-ground for the larger possibilities of the soul, but it is by no means his true work.

We were standing one day in the office of a coal-yard in a moment's conversation with its smutty-faced owner, when our eyes fell upon a row of books upon a little shelf over the desk. A glance showed that they were not stories, but works on history, science, and art, and that their covers had been soiled by use.

"Do you read these books?" we inquired; and the man nodded affirmatively.

"Why, I thought that you were too busy with coal to think of books."

"Well," said the coal merchant, "I get bread and butter with coal; but I should go hungry if I tried to feed my soul on it!"

That man had awakened to the thought that there was for him something better than a life spent in bread-winning or money-getting. Some men awake to realize the same truth, but it is only when their lives have been wasted in gathering a fortune which fails to satisfy.

We know of an elderly man, worth three quarters of a million, who said once to a gentleman only a few years younger than himself, "You don't know how much I envy you. I would change places with you in a minute if I could! You enjoy society, and can talk about books and pictures; you go to church and take a hand in public matters. But I have stuck so closely to business that now, when I have made my pile and retired for fear I should lose it, there's nothing for me to do. I don't care to read; I can't talk; I haven't any friends except business acquaintances, and there isn't one of 'em but would cheat me if he could. I always go to sleep in church, and a concert is a bore. There's nothing for me to do but to sit down and grumble until I die."

Charles Lamb, when asked about his works, said that there were three or four volumes which his friends facetiously called "his works;" but these were, in truth, his recreations. His real *works* were fifty stout volumes in the India Company's House, where he had clerked for half a century. But after all, the world was right, and Lamb was wrong. Who cares to-day for those fifty volumes of figures? But tens of thousands have found delight and inspiration in those four volumes which really contain the *works* of Charles Lamb.

Let each of our youth have some true work to do for himself and for his fellow-men.

Once in an age God sends to some of us a friend who loves us, *not* in a false imagining, an unreal character, but looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature—loves not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

"WATCH AND WATCH."

A quack doctor's chief stock in trade is ignorance of his profession, and knowledge of methods to conceal his shortcomings. This is the way a quack kept Sir Robert Peel in the dark:

One of the most audacious quacks that Great Britain ever produced was John Harrison Curtis, "aurist." He knew almost absolutely nothing of the profession that he adopted, but he got something of a reputation, and was once summoned to attend Sir Robert Peel, who was suffering from temporary deafness. He went provided with two watches, one that ticked very weakly and another that made as much noise as a clock. Peel began to question him as to his mode of treatment, but Curtis, giving him a dig with a syringe, told him that if he didn't hold his tongue some injury would befall him. The quack at first applied the weak ticking watch to Sir Robert's ear, and of course he couldn't hear any thing; but after working for some time he used the other one, and Peel could hear perfectly well! It was a marvelous cure!

TRANSFORMATIONS.

When Mr. Edmund Gosse was in Philadelphia last spring, he severely criticized the City Hall, whereupon one of the city papers rose in wrath, and intimated that if Mr. Gosse was about to set up as an architectural connoisseur he should spell his name with oo instead of ss. A similar change is suggested by one of the parties in the following courteous correspondence:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in the future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and would feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."

"WIND HIM BY ZE TAIL."

Travelers in the East tell us that the popular method of driving the little street donkeys is by twisting the tail of the beast. The Virginia City "Enterprise" has found a Frenchman who pursues similar tactics with his watch:

A day or two since, Mr. Shaw, time-keeper of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, found a watch lying in the snow, where it had evidently been dropped by some one working in or about the mine. Mr. Shaw wrote a notice to this effect, posting it by the side of the window to which the men came to give their names when going on or coming off the shafts.

Several men called and described what was, according to their ideas, a "valuable watch," nearly all making it gold, with a fine chain of the same metal. Some set a number of beautiful pieces of gold quartz into the links of the chain. At last a little Frenchman came to the window and said:

"You find one vatch, Mistair Shaw?"

"Yes, sir," said Shaw; "have you lost a watch?"

"Yes, sir, I have lost one vatch."

"Can you describe it?"

"O, yes, sare, ver' perfectly."

"Well, what is it like?"

"My vatch, he vas a silver vatch."

"Very good; what kind of face?"

"Vell, he had he's face wide open."

"What kind of chain?"

"One leedle brass shain."

"What kind of key was on the chain?"

"He have no key at all. I wind him by ze tail."

The watch was a stem-winder, and the Frenchman had given a perfect description of it, even down to "ze tail."

LIGHTNING AND TREES.

A writer in the "Building News" explains what takes place within the bark of a tree when struck by lightning. Most of us have seen the effects which are here described, but not all of us can tell the reason why the tree has such an appearance:

In a tree which has been destroyed by lightning, the layers are not only shattered and separated into strips, but the wood also appears dry, hard, and brittle, as though it had been through the process of curing in a kiln. This is attributed to the instantaneous reduction of the sap into steam. When the sap is abundant, as in May or early in June, the amount and force of the steam not only bursts and separates the layers and fibers, but rends the trunk in pieces or throws off a portion of it. When the amount of steam thus suddenly generated is small, owing to a dry condition of the stem from continual evaporation and self-exhalation, there may be no external trace of the lightning-stroke; yet the leaves will wither in a few days, showing that the stem has been rendered incapable of conveying supplies, and the tree will either partially or entirely die. Still lighter discharges may be conducted down the moist stem without any injury.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

The nuts which we find on the table for dessert are nearly all of foreign growth. This ought not to be so. There are varieties enough in our forests, as any country boy can testify, to spread the table of a king. The most eminent botanist in America, Dr. Asa Gray, after speaking of this fact, goes on to explain how much these hard-shelled fruits might be improved by cultivation:

Our wild chestnuts are sweeter than those of the old world; it would be well to try whether races might not be well developed with the nuts as large as *marrons* or Spanish chestnuts, and without diminution of flavor. If we were not too easily satisfied with a mere choice between spontaneous hickory nuts, we might have much better and thinner shelled ones. Varying, as they do, excessively in the thickness of the shell and the size and flavor of the kernel, they are inviting your attention, and promising to reward our care. The pecan is waiting to have the bitter matter between the kernel bred out; the butternuts and black walnuts to have their excess of oil turned into farinaceous and sugary matter, and their shells thinned and smothered by continued good breeding; when they will much surpass the European walnut.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Few writers are so well known through their works as is Mother Goose. But the personal history of that friend of the children is almost unknown. The "Congregationalist" seems to be acquainted with the Goose family and has something to say of its most famous representative:

All may not know that Mother Goose was a real person. But it is said she was born in Charleston, Mass., in 1665, and married a widower by the name of Goose, who had ten children. Six other goslings were added to the flock, and one of these married Thomas Fleet, a printer by trade. In course of time Grandmother Goose went to live with this son-in-law, and from morning till night she made up the now familiar rhymes and sang to his children, much to their delight, but to the annoyance of every body else. Finally Mr. Fleet conceived the idea of printing her ditties, and the book was issued in 1719, with this title: "Mother Goose's Melodies and Rhymes for the Nursery." So the annoyance to the old lady's grown-up friends has turned out to be a joy to thousands of children for more than a century and a half.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Mr. John B. Gough is a man of good strong sense, which he sometimes clothes in striking language. He was out of patience with a certain class of people when he said the following:

There is a class of persons to whom indifference is the test of high breeding. According to their idea, if you educate a man to the insensibility of a post, you make him a gentleman; if you cultivate the heart out of a young woman, and make her seemingly as pulseless as a turnip, she is the lady to perfection. Some people have strange ideas of what constitutes a lady or a gentleman. A woman was brought before a police court one day, and said: "Me and another lady was having a few words, and she called me a 'hindewidual,' and I ups with a pail of water and chucked it all over her; and that began the row." Me and another *lady!* The following notice was once put up over a show: "No *lady* or *gentleman* admitted to this exhibition in a state of intoxication." Once when I was in St. Louis I saw a handbill on the wall: "One hundred rats to be killed by one dog in ten minutes. None but *gentlemen* are expected to be present on the occasion."

HOW LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS BECAME THE STYLE.

The curiosities of fashion are innumerable. A wart on the ill-fated neck of Anne Boleyn made a certain necklace fashionable. The thin wrists of the French actress Bernhardt brought the loose fitting gloves into style; and now we learn that another French woman, the first wife of Napoleon, set the style of carrying handkerchiefs. A correspondent of the "American Register" of Paris tells the story.

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word, even, was carefully avoided in refined conversation. I doubt if even to-day French elegantes would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had ugly teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs adorned with costly laces, which she continually raised gracefully to her lips. Of course all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs have rapidly become an important and costly part of the feminine toilet; so much so that the price of a single handkerchief of the trousseau of the Duchess of Edinburgh would make the fortune of a necessitous family.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

A FRIEND of ours recently said concerning a young boy in his employ: "He is a nice fellow, well-meaning, honest, active, and all that, but he is careless." That was the first word we had ever heard concerning young Clinton. Our friend caused us to know him. His name is Clinton, and he is careless. A single sentence can give a boy a "reputation."

IN a later conversation our friend said: "I don't want you to get a wrong impression of Clinton. He is not a bad fellow at all. Indeed, I might call him very good. He is a generous boy, and clean of speech and agreeable in society, but he is careless. Please don't lay it up against him. I spoke frankly, but I don't want to injure the lad." We listened to this amiable speech, and quietly resolved not to employ Clinton.

WHAT do we want with a careless boy? Could he serve us in any way? We have no time to lose, and carelessness is sure to waste time. We dare not run unnecessary risks with the material put into our hands, and carelessness will waste a great deal of material. We dare not disappoint our patrons or the friends who call, or the men who depend upon us for work, and carelessness will certainly, at one time or another, do all those things. We do not care to close a contract with Clinton.

CARELESSNESS spilt a bottle of ink over a neat MS. and a new table-cover the other day. Carelessness tore up and threw into the fire a newspaper we had carefully kept for five years, and which we needed last week for a special occasion. Carelessness let a fire go out at the very time it was required to make the room endurable for a business conversation. Carelessness carried a letter for a week in its pocket and dropped it into the post too late to hold an engagement worth much money to the friend to whom the letter was addressed. Carelessness forgets to stamp a letter, to report a caller, to deliver a message, to write a memorandum, to ask a question, to extinguish the gas, to shut the window, to lock the safe, to turn a railway switch, to signal a train; but there must be an end, because there is no end. Many people are maimed for life, many are killed, many hearts are broken—through carelessness. It is a comparatively harmless thing to spill a bottle of ink through carelessness. But the boy who does it often, or does other things through carelessness, is very likely to misplace a switch or explode an engine through the same habit of carelessness. No, we don't want to employ Clinton.

WHAT shall be done for Clinton? Must he lose place and chance for such slight cause as a boyish habit of carelessness? Well, first of all, he must learn that carelessness is not a slight fault. He should have learned it before, and as a child. His parents were at fault. They were careless in training him, and from the seed they dropped into the soil comes the fruit—the apples of Sodom he grinds between his teeth. Carelessness is criminal. It should be treated as a sin. It should be punished in the earliest stages. Boys and girls should be trained to habits of thoughtfulness and painstaking and a sense of responsibility. Awkwardness and inexperience are not the same as carelessness, and parents must distinguish between them. Home training can do much toward correcting the evil. As for Clinton, he cannot go back into his childhood and have his parents do their duty, and therefore something must be done for him now. Show him the evil of the habit. Arouse him. Alarm him. Be patient with him. Help him. Perhaps, after all, we ought to give Clinton a chance. But we must be doubly vigilant while he serves us, and we think we can help him to be vigilant by a system of fines and penalties. If he lose a pleasure by an act of thoughtlessness, or be required to pay a forfeit for carelessness, perhaps he will think more and be more cautious. Let us try the fine and forfeit cure with Clinton—and his kind in our homes, schools, and shops.

A RADICAL defect in our days, in the education of children, is to be found both in home and school life, and it lies in the lack of true industrial training. When we use this familiar term we attempt to define something other and more basal than technical education, and the fitting of boys and girls for business in one or another line of mechanical or commercial occupation. Children are taught to talk, to read, and to count. They are taught to "behave" on occasion, on Sunday, or "before company." The most of the time they play and try to have "a good time." When old enough they go to school, chiefly to learn more about reading and writing and counting and remembering. It is rarely they behave better because of school life, and still more rarely that they learn to govern themselves, or to earn their own living. Even home does not teach these lessons. Education is a thing of school and books, and deals with words and numbers. This is the parents' idea. It is the child's idea. And, most of all to be deplored, it is the teacher's idea. Now, we plead for an earlier and more practical and more radical education. Children should be taught how to eat, how to drink, how to breathe, how to walk, how to run, how to play, how to obey, how to stop, how to wait, how to help, how to resist, how to reason, how to deny themselves—in a word, how to be self-governed in physical, intellectual, moral, and social life. They should have education by experience in all these things before they think of "going to school," long before they are five years old. The after-work of education would be comparatively easy. The school would then be worth something to children. Now, this education is work for mother and father. They have first, best, and protracted opportunity. That is what they are for—to train the children for whose existence they are responsible. If home will punish carelessness in little children, there will be less carelessness in young people and in adults. If the essential qualities which penetrate all business relations are cultivated at home in early childhood, we shall have more honesty, more thoughtfulness, more economy, more stability, more generosity in every community. Our motto is: Every home a school for industrial education.

THE old year 1885, that was so recently the new year, is coming to an end. The last week has begun. The last day will soon reach us. The last hour will strike its notes of awakening and warning and farewell.

AND then the new year, 1886! The first hour will usher in the first day of the first week of the first month. Welcome, 1886! Come with blessings to our earth, to our land, to our homes, to our hearts! Be to us the best year of all the years we have known!

WHAT we bring to the new year the new year will be likely to bring to us. Our invocations will be little worth if our work be not in keeping with our desire. What we most earnestly live for we shall most surely find. Deeds are sometimes the best prayers. When one tries himself to bring to pass the thing he asks God for, he will be most likely to have a good answer to his prayers.

To begin a task well is only a small part of one's duty—a very small part. The history of the world is full of failures after good beginnings. It is easier to commence than to continue. It is exceedingly easy to lose hope and courage. New things please us. Soon, however, interest declines, and we go on with the work reluctantly. After a while it is easier to drop it than to keep it up. The years are filled with wrecks of good beginnings and of early endings and surrenders and failures.

BUT it is a good thing to begin well; to begin weighing and planning and resolving, with a good look at one's self and a look into the future. Then one needs to put on a large pressure of will-force at the very outset. Mere warmth of emotion and glow of imagination and play of purpose may make a promising beginning, but these will soon fade away into indifference and irresolution. To begin well one needs to look far ahead, and to hurl his energy of resolve to the remotest point of the future that is to be effected by such resolve. He needs to count the cost, to estimate his own "staying qualities," the effect of circumstances over his inclinations, and the influence of his inclinations on his conscience and will. Then let him make a move upward.

THE move upward should be made with prayer, for prayer helps every quality on which success depends. Prayer lifts the soul into an atmosphere full of steadying influence. It gives great thoughts a strong grasp on one. It increases self-respect by making a man feel that he is a child of God; that he is immortal and allied to realms of being far above this earth and its fluctuating aims, feelings, and ambitions. Prayer opens the soul to the tonic energies of love and hope. Prayer puts into the soul the divine life, and makes one live in a large world. Whatever one wants to do that is right he will do more surely and more easily by beginning it with prayer, by praying while he works, and by crowning his last effort in its behalf with prayer. Therefore pray while you resolve, on the first morning of the new year.

OUR readers should begin the new year with some plan of study and reading. A plan which requires a little work every day, if simply kept up—"every day"—will work great results in three hundred and sixty-five days. The best way for young people to begin will be to read carefully the contents of OUR YOUTH—stories, editorials, and all, and to re-read and study the departments of School at Home, News Notes, and the Homilies. There is material enough in every number of OUR YOUTH to keep one's leisure hours well occupied. And if he would do more reading there are the courses of the "Oxford League," the "Spare-Minute" or "Home College Series," the "Lyceum Reading Union," the "Assembly Normal Union," the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientfic Circle," the "Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union," and the "Chautauqua Town and Country Club." From this list one can certainly make a wise selection. Will you put more useful reading into the coming year?

TAKE the News Notes, for example. Could a little home-circle do better than to have these notes read during the week, and to ask questions of each other about them? The large Mercator's map in No. 1 of OUR YOUTH and the small maps of later numbers, together with the clear statements given concerning the leading events of the day and the tables of proper names pronounced, ought to give new interest to fireside and table conversation. What circle will try the experiment and report to us the result?

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for January 3, 1886. JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.—2 Kings 22. 1–13. GOLDEN TEXT.—2 Kings 22. 2.

THERE is a weak type of "good boy" who is "goodish" rather than good. There is as much difference between a "good boy" and a "goodish boy" as there is between a cane made of hickory and a candy cane that hangs in a country confectioner's window. He is a poor judge of human nature, or a very unfair man, who cannot discriminate between "goodness" and "goodishness." The Josiah of Jewish history was a good boy in the good sense. He lived as "in the sight of God." He "did right." He followed good examples. He was a "straightforward" fellow, "he turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." He came out of a good boyhood into a grand, faithful, and enterprising manhood. He repaired the temple. He received with reverence and with an enthusiastic and obedient spirit the new-found "book of the law." A good boy, a good youth, a good man, a good king.

Now, there is to-day a false idea among certain young people as to what is manly and worthy. They think a dashing rowdyism is "the thing;" that "fast fellows" are the ideal fellows; that to be polite and refined in manners, especially at home and in church and Sunday-school, is rather weak and silly, and that faith and reverence are signs of bondage to mother, and that they indicate a lack of independence. They sneer at "good boys" and "Sunday-school boys." They smoke and chew. They once in a while drink, and possibly "go on a spree." They frequent the theater—not the classic theater for what benefit they may get from a superior play,* but the sensational, the average theater—and they love to sneer at people who oppose it. These fellows swear. It is so manly to swear! They tell foul stories and love to allude to looseness of life as though they knew the world and believed in freedom from old restrictions—the rules of decency, sobriety, purity, and obedience. They hang around street corners, frequent billiard saloons, sit up late at night, and want it understood that they are "the chaps that know how this world wags." Nothing would offend them more than to have it supposed that they were good, true, religious, and refined, or that they even wanted to be thought so by any body.

Parents sometimes bring up their children carelessly, and allow them to get into associations which weaken and corrupt. They don't want to "prejudice the children against religion by making them go to church, or urging them to be good too early." They say, "All young folks must sow wild oats. They'll come around all right after a while." All this is false and injurious. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The better way is to be like Josiah—a good boy and a good man—reverent, obedient, thorough-going, sincere, diligent, a true gentleman.

To this high type of character, on this first Sunday of the new year, OUR YOUTH points its youthful readers. Eschew and loathe rowdyism and vulgarity, and love manliness, reverence, and purity.

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* By making this distinction the Editor of OUR YOUTH does not justify the classic theater. He will give his views on that question later on.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE committee appointed by the Board of Managers of the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dec. 17, 1884, to consider a plan for the Oxford League, adopted the following:

A "Board of Control," consisting of five members, may be annually appointed by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Five or more active members of any local Oxford League, who have completed the required readings of the Initial and Second Grades, and who have received from the pastor and leader of the League a certificate to that effect, may, on application, indorsed by the pastor, to the "Central Board of Control" at New York, receive a charter for a "Chapter of the Oxford League," under which charter a more compact organization may be effected, and the ends of the League be more successfully carried out.

In pursuance of this recommendation, the Board of Bishops, at its annual meeting, in St. Louis, Mo., in May, 1885, appointed as the "Board of Control," Bishop W. L. HARRIS, J. H. VINCENT, J. M. BUCKLEY, D. P. KIDDER, and S. F. UPHAM.

The first meeting of the Board of Control was held in the Bishops' Room, 805 Broadway, New York, October 26, 1885, at 2 P. M., all members present. J. H. VINCENT was elected secretary. The plan of a charter for constituting chapters of the Oxford League was submitted and, after careful examination and revision, adopted. The secretary was authorized to call meetings of the Board of Control at his discretion.

The following is a copy of the charter, which is printed on a large sheet, suitable for framing. In honor of CHAPTER NO. ONE, we print in full the names of its members in the copy below:

CHARTER OF THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

In pursuance of the action of the Centennial Conference of the Methodist Churches of America at Baltimore, Md., in December, A.D. 1884, approving the scheme of the Oxford League, and in pursuance of the action of the Board of Managers of the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church in December, 1884, establishing such League for the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Board of Control of the Oxford League appointed by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in their Meeting at St. Louis in May, 1885, hereby grants to the applicants, whose names are herein recorded, a Charter giving them authority to organize a Chapter of the Oxford League in Connection with the Chariton Methodist Episcopal Church, in the Chariton District of the Des Moines Annual Conference, such application having been made in due form, and signed by GEORGE G. FANCHER, *Leader of the League, and by* M. D. COLLINS, *Preacher in charge.*

The applicants, M. D. COLLINS, GEORGE G. FANCHER, J. ELTA LAYTON, R. J. MARSHALL, AUGUSTA HOUSEHOLDER, MARY E. BAXTER, GEORGE H. VANHORNE, MARY BARTHOLOMEW, MRS. THOMAS GUYLEE, K. A. COLLINS, JENNIE MARSHALL, ANNA DENT, *and such other persons as may hereafter be associated with them, hereby constitute the Number One Chapter of the Oxford League, to be organized and conducted in the following order:*

I. The President shall be the Preacher in charge, or such other person as he may approve.

II. The Vice-President, who must be a member of the Chapter, shall be elected annually by the Chapter at the first regular meeting of each year, and he shall preside at all meetings in the absence of the President, or at his request.

III. There shall be a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall be elected annually.

IV. All members of the Chapter shall be full members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shall pledge themselves to observe the following rules:

1. To pursue the annual course of biblical, doctrinal, and denominational readings appointed by the Board of Control, and such additional readings in general literature as each member may select for himself.

2. To faithfully attend upon the public services of the Church, the weekly prayer-meeting, and a meeting for religious conversation and fellowship.

3. To seek in every practicable way the fourfold objects contemplated by the original Oxford Club, Lincoln College, Oxford, England: (1) Devout Bible study; (2) General culture; (3) Personal character; (4) Philanthropic service; thus developing earnest, broad, cultivated, useful lives.

4. To contribute every year some amount of money to every interest of the Church, local and general, as follows: The support of the Preacher in charge and the Presiding Elder, the Episcopal Fund, the Missionary Society, the Sunday-School Union, the Tract Society, the Board of Church Extension, the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Board of Education, the Superannuated preachers, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the Bible Society, etc.

5. To pledge assistance to the pastor in some kind of practical work, such as the visitation of the sick, prisons, almshouses, reading to the blind, the distribution of tracts, looking up or instructing Sunday-school pupils, etc.

6. To assume the following form of self-surrender to the work of Christ and of his Church:

Having accomplished the required readings of the Oxford League, initial and second grades, and being well convinced that the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church are in harmony with the spirit and claims of the Gospel of Christ, I do now, cheerfully, give myself to the service of Christ through the ministrations of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I do solemnly reaffirm the baptismal covenant and renew the vows of consecration taken when admitted to the Church.

I promise diligently to study the Word of God, faithfully to attend upon the public and social means of grace, and to dedicate a fixed portion of my income to religious and benevolent purposes.

I will endeavor to cultivate the same mind that was in Christ, to lead a blameless and harmless life, and to engage habitually in some specific work for the uplifting and saving of my fellow-men.

I will abstain from those amusements and gratifications which are prohibited in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by the spirit of the Gospel.

All this I promise, not trusting in my own strength, but in the blessing of God the Father, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, and the illumination of the Holy Spirit.

In confirmation of the above we do hereby subscribe our names and set hereto the Seal of the Oxford League.

{ SEAL. }

J. M. BUCKLEY, W. L. HARRIS, *Pres.*
S. F. UPHAM, D. P. KIDDER,
J. H. VINCENT, *Sec.*

Done at New York this First day of December, in the year of our Lord 1885.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

TEACHERS who open school after the holidays by saying, "Now, children, you have had a good, happy vacation, and therefore you should be all the more glad to take up your studies again," deceive neither themselves nor their pupils. It is a well-known principle that the longer and more delightful the vacation, the greater is the reluctance to open the books again. If the time shall ever come when young people turn with alacrity from skating and coasting to algebra and rhetoric, their parents will have every reason for anxiety and alarm.

We sincerely trust that the members of our school have had a most "merry Christmas," and although we cannot expect them to return to work with eagerness, we hope that they will resume their tasks with a determination to make the coming year one of progress and achievement.

There are two little words in the English language which are so nearly associated, and which slip so mischievously into each other's place, that unless a person has been trained to distinguish between them properly, they cause no end of trouble and perplexity.

These words are the auxiliary verbs, *will* and *shall*, both referring to the future, yet with different shades of meaning. If the following rule be fixed clearly in the mind, a great deal of the difficulty will disappear:

Rule III. I SHALL, YOU WILL, HE WILL, *are simply forms of the future, telling what is to come about.* I WILL, YOU SHALL, HE SHALL, *are forms which imply* WILL-POWER *on the part of the speaker; they tell what is to be brought about.*

There are various minor distinctions which cannot be more clearly or concisely stated than in the following extract from Sir E. W. Head's book, "Shall and Will:"

Will in the first person expresses (*a*) *a resolution*, or (*b*) *a promise.*

(*a*) "I *will* not go"=*It is my resolution not to go.*

(*b*) "I *will* give it you"=I promise to give it you.

Will in the second person *foretells:* "If you come at twelve o'clock you *will* find me at home."

Will in the second person, in questions, anticipates (*a*) *a wish*, or (*b*) *an intention.*

(*a*) (*b*) "*Will* you go to-morrow?"=*Is it your wish or intention to go to-morrow?*

Will in the third person *foretells*, generally implying an *intention* at the same time, when the nominative is a *rational* creature.

"He will come to-morrow," signifies (*a*) what is *to take place*, and (*b*) that it is the *intention* of the person mentioned *to come.*

"I think it will snow to-day," intimates what is, probably, *to take place.*

Will must never be used in questions with nominative cases of the first person:

"*Will* we come to-morrow?=*Is it our intention or desire to come to-morrow?* which is an absurd question.

Would is subject to the same rules as *will.*

Would followed by *that* is frequently used (the nominative being expressed or understood) to express a *wish:*

"*Would that* he had died before this disgrace befell him"=*I wish that he had died before this disgrace befell him.*

Would have, followed by an infinitive, signifies *a desire to do or make:*

"I *would have* you think of these things"=*I wish to make you think of these things.*

Would is often used to express a *custom:*

"He *would* often talk about these things"=*It was his custom to talk of these things.*

Shall in the first person *foretells*, simply expressing *what is to take place:*

"I shall go to-morrow?" Obs. No *intention* or *desire* is expressed by *shall.*

Shall in the first person, in questions, asks permission:

"*Shall* I read?"=*Do you wish me, or will you permit me, to read?*

Shall in the second and third persons expresses (*a*) *a promise*, (*b*) *a command*, or (*c*) *a threat:*

(*a*) "You *shall* have these books to-morrow"=*I promise to let you have these books to-morrow.*

(*b*) "Thou *shalt* not steal"=*I command thee not to steal.*

(*a*) (*c*) "He *shall* be punished for this"=*I threaten or promise to punish him for this offense.*

Should is subject to the same rules as *shall.*

Should frequently expresses *duty:*

"You *should* not do so"=*It is your duty not to do so.*

Should often signifies a *plan:*

"I *should* not do so"=*It would not be my plan to do so.*

Should often expresses a *supposition:*

"*Should* they not agree to the proposals, what must I do?"=*Suppose that it happens that they will not agree to the proposals?*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

"Double Rippers."

As in every thing else, there have been vast improvements in coasting of late years. There is as much difference between the old-fashioned sled which would wabble all over a hill, running sideways half the time, and the latest and best "double ripper," as between an accommodation train of ten years ago and a limited express in this rapid year of 1885.

If coasting in the old way was pleasant, what shall we say of the excitement and delight of dashing along at the rate of forty, fifty, or even sixty miles an hour, the flying snow swirling in clouds about you, and the tears running unchecked down your cheeks. A "double ripper" is not, and should not be, a complicated machine. A strong plank of oak 18 inches wide and 8 or 10 feet long should form the connection between two long, low-runner sleds. Across the middle of the back sled bolt a piece of oak 2 x 2 inches, and as long as the width of the sled. Bolt a similar piece across the lower side of the board, about two feet from the end. Lay these pieces together and bolt on a pair of strong hinges. These will keep the rear sled in position and still allow it to play up and down in going over bumps, or, to use the coasting expression, "Thank you, marms."

Now as to the front sled, the same kind of pieces should be bolted to that and to the board as were used in the rear. Putting these pieces together, bore a hole an inch in diameter through the center of the top board, both pieces of oak, and the sled board. There are two ways of finishing the "ripper" from this point. You may put a long "king-bolt" through this hole and screw a nut on beneath. If this is done, the steersman must lie flat on the board and guide the front sled with his hands. Or you may have the blacksmith make a bolt a couple of feet long, square at one end. Across the other end weld a flat piece of iron just long enough to go between the runners on the under side of the sled. This finished, push the squared end of the bolt up through the bottom of the sled until the flat cross-piece is solid against the sled-board, then bolt it firmly in place right across the sled. Now you see you can put the long board on over this bolt, fix a cross-piece or "tiller" on the squared end of the bolt, and sitting upright on the seat, have perfect control of the front sled. Be sure to have every thing *strong*. Cushioned seats, nickel-plated hand rails, breaks, lanterns, whistles, and bells are sometimes added, but these luxuries cannot increase speed, and are often dangerous. The "ripper" should be *strong*, *simple*, and *heavy*, and on an icy hill will go like the wind.

If you would know how the engineer of a lightning express train feels as he dashes over the rails, steer a "double ripper," well loaded, down a steep, smooth hill. See how it obeys the slightest touch of the hand on the "tiller," how it rocks and bounds, and shoots down the slide. Of all American winter sports coasting is the most exhilarating, and no one can know what coasting really is until he has steered a "double ripper."

The Best American Amateur Records.

In our issue of December 5, we gave a list of times and distances which a boy of fifteen ought to be capable of making. We now publish a table of the best American amateur records up to date, with which it may be interesting to compare our first list:

100 yards run	10 sec.	Long jump	22 ft. 7¾ in.
220 " "	22⅘ "	High jump	6 " ½ "
440 " " (one quarter mile)	48¼ "	Hammer throwing	96 " 10 "
One half-mile run	1 min. 55⅘ "	Throwing the shot (16 lbs.)	43 "
One mile run	4 " 21⅘ "	Pole vaulting	11 " ½ "
One mile walk	6 " 29⅗ "	Two mile bicycle race	5 min. 21⅘ sec.

Mesmerism.

This practical joke is played in this wise. The bottoms of several china plates are covered with lampblack, put right side up into the hands of the uninitiated. The mesmerizer with a clean plate stands before them and tells them to imitate his movements exactly for a few moments and something will occur which cannot fail to surprise them. Thereupon he rubs his finger around the top of his plate, and touches it to his forehead. A few evolutions upon the top of the plate follow; then suddenly the leader circles his finger around the bottom of his plate and draws it down his cheek. The others rapidly follow his movement and decorate themselves like savages. When led to the mirror they are ready to acknowledge that something remarkable has happened. Great care must be taken to make the mesmerized hold the plates in the right position and not turn them over.

A Quotation Match.

A quotation match is as exciting as it is profitable—a statement seldom true of an evening game. The plan of the match is similar to that of a spelling match. Two sides are selected, and some one appointed to give out the quotations. It is best to make thorough preparation for the match, and perhaps devote a whole evening to it. A committee should meet beforehand, and draw up a list of quotations, beginning with familiar proverbs, nursery rhymes, etc., and gradually increasing the difficulty of the selections. There is usually need of heavy shot to bring down those who may survive the lighter fire from the almanac and Mother Goose. The quotations are written out, and each divided into two parts as nearly equal as possible. The person who gives out the quotations reads the first half, and the one called upon must finish the selection. Those who fail must withdraw, and the matter of superiority be decided by the law of "the survival of the fittest."

In-door Athletics.

A stormy winter afternoon may be passed pleasantly by a company of boys in some barn or large attic, if they will try the plan of having a series of athletic contests. Running is, of course, out of the question. High jumping is excellent exercise, and is quite practicable. There should be two upright posts with firm bases, so that they may be placed anywhere at will. These uprights need not be more than five feet and a half high, and they should be placed about seven feet apart. The posts should be graduated in feet and inches, beginning two feet from the floor. At each inch mark a gimlet-hole should be bored. Two long nails put into the holes on the posts support a thin horizontal rod of pine, which may be moved up and down at pleasure.

There should be a mattress or some other soft material to light upon after the jump. There are two ways of jumping from a stand-still: 1. Standing with the face toward the bar, and leaping straight over. 2. Standing with the side toward the bar, and throwing the body over, raising first one leg and then the other to clear the bar. The first method is more graceful, but a higher jump can be made by the second. A good standing high-jump ranges from three feet eight inches to four feet eight inches. The best record is five feet one inch. We advise boys to make this simple apparatus and practice jumping. It is a pleasant and graceful exercise.

Machine Verse.

This game combines the pleasure of verse writing with the amusement furnished by unexpected combinations. An even number of players form a sort of co-operative society for the production of a poem (by courtesy so-called), each agreeing to write one line. A committee appointed by the assembled poets select a certain verse for a model, and give to each player a word with which he must end his line. This is done that the "poem," when put together, may have a proper rhyme and rhythm. The committee may arrange for one rhyme throughout or for alternate rhymes, as it seems best to them. When each has written his line secretly on a slip of paper, the slips are collected in the same order in which the words were first given out, and are laid one below another on a table. Then the complete "poem" is read by one of the committee. The peculiar transitions from one line to another and the abrupt breaks in meaning are almost always laughable. Sly allusions to people present, and whimsical combinations of names add greatly to the pleasure of the game.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

We find on our table a book entitled "Red-Letter Days," a diary for fifteen years, by L. C. Loomis, Washington, D. C.; a small, bulky, but portable, volume containing a blank line for a daily record for every day in the year for fifteen years, from January 1, 1885, to December 31, 1899. Fifteen lines on a single page will give at the end of the period the whereabouts and other records made between '85 and '99, compact, ingenious, invaluable.

Mr. Wesley in his Journal for Tuesday, October 16, 1739, makes this record of a sermon: "From Acts 28. 22, I simply described the plain old religion of the Church of England, which is now almost every-where spoken against, under the new name of Methodism." September 16 of the same year he says: "I preached at Moorfields and at Kennington Common. At both places I described the real difference between what is generally called Christianity and the true old Christianity which under the new name of Methodism is now almost every-where spoken against."

We shall be glad to receive and to answer, if we can, questions from our readers about the Church and its work.

Avoid frivolity. Cultivate true cheerfulness. The one laughs at any thing and every thing, however sacred on the one hand or senseless on the other it may be. Cheerfulness is neither silly nor irreverent.

A great deal has been said and written about the true gentleman. Here are four definitions of a gentleman valuable not only for the ideas which they contain, but for the sources from which they come to us:

> A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
> Thet fro the time he first begun to riden out,
> He lovéd chivalrie, truth and honor, freedom and courtesie.
> —*Geoffrey Chaucer.*

Courtesie deep-seated in a heart of purity.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

You may depend upon it, religion is in its essence the most gentlemanly thing in the world.—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.—*Psalm* 24. 4.

A Japanese village in the heart of New York is attracting considerable attention. The inhabitants pursue their various trades before the eyes of the interested visitors.

Condensation is a great art in writing. Goldsmith speaks to the point when he says: "Were angels to write books, they would never write folios."

A sign near our office reads "Grand, square, and upright pianos." Could those three adjectives be truly applied to you, reader?

In the Yellowstone National Park is a geyser called "Old Faithful." It spouts with great regularity every hour, while many much larger and more magnificent geysers "go off" seldom, and even then unexpectedly. There are some people in this world always to be depended upon to act their parts faithfully if not brilliantly. Better be "Old Faithful" than an impetuous and spasmodic "Grand," "Giantess," or "Lion."

Prof. John Stuart Blackie says a man ought sometimes to be a Tory, sometimes a Liberal, and sometimes a Radical. "Plato was the biggest of all Tories; Walter Scott second, Wordsworth third, and then Goethe, Carlyle, and a whole lot of them."

There is no business, no avocation whatever, which will not permit a man, who has the inclination, to give a little time every day to study.—*Daniel Wyttenbach.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE question which perplexes the British political leaders is, "What will Mr. Parnell do?" Ten years ago few cared to know his plans, but there have been great changes since young Mr. Parnell was elected to the Parliament of 1875. At that time there were a few members who annually brought forward the question of the government of Ireland, and who saw their cherished motion annually buried beneath an overwhelming majority of English and Scottish votes. Mr. Parnell was fitted to lead this little Irish party and soon became its chief.

He adopted new tactics. If Parliament would not make just laws for Ireland it should make no laws at all. The Irish members obstructed every measure by long speeches, by frequent motions to adjourn, until the majority lost its patience and supported the presiding officer in expelling the Parnellites from the House in February, 1881.

Meanwhile, the famine had led to rent troubles in Ireland, and the Land League had been organized on both sides of the ocean to agitate for a reform of the Irish tenant laws. Mr. Parnell was a prominent leaguer, and was imprisoned for a short time, when an attempt was made to crush the society. He gathered about him a number of trusty lieutenants, and by incessant labor gained in Ireland the title of "Uncrowned King," which had been unclaimed since the death of Daniel O'Connell. By voting with the Conservatives he overthrew Gladstone's government in the spring of 1885, and then laid his plans for the election. Gladstone had made voters of a million artisans and laborers who would support the Liberal leader with their first ballot. Parnell saw his chance. The word went out from him to all Irishmen in England to support the Tory candidates. In Ireland the candidates of the Home Rulers were selected by Parnell, and were sworn to vote with the majority of their party if elected. The result of the elections shows the wisdom of this scheme. The Liberals lack a few votes of a majority over Tories and Irish. Neither of the great parties can govern without the help of Mr. Parnell's followers. The day of contempt for the Irish party has passed. Parliament is soon to meet, and this startling question confronts the British leaders, "What will Mr. Parnell do?"

Justin M'Carthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," gives the following account of the oratorical abilities of Parnell's great predecessor, Daniel O'Connell:

O'Connell himself, it is needless to say, was always the great orator of the day. The agitation developed a great deal of literary talent among the younger men of education; but it never brought out a man who was even spoken of as a possible successor to O'Connell in eloquence. His magnificent voice enabled him to do what no genius and no eloquence less aptly endowed could have done. He could send his lightest word thrilling to the extreme of the vast concourse of people whom he desired to move. He swayed them with the magic of an absolute control. He understood all the moods of his people; to address himself to them came naturally to him. He made them roar with laughter; he made them weep; he made them thrill with indignation. As the shadow runs over a field, so the impression of his varying eloquence ran over an assemblage. He commanded the emotions of his hearers as a consummate conductor sways the energies of his orchestra. Every allusion told. When in one of his meetings held in his native Kerry, he turned solemnly around and appealed to "yonder blue mountains where you and I were cradled;" or in sight of the objects he described, he apostrophized Ireland as the "land of the green valley and the rushing river," an admirably characteristic and complete description; or recalled some historical association connected with the scene he surveyed—each was some special appeal to the instant feelings of his audience.

The United States Congress.

THE Forty-ninth Congress met at Washington for its first session on Monday, Dec. 7. The Senate consists of forty-two Republicans and thirty-four Democrats. The House of Representatives contains one hundred and forty Republicans, one hundred and eighty-three Democrats, and two Greenbackers, one of whom votes with the Republicans, while the other sides with the Democrats. The Senate has chosen for its presiding officer John Sherman, of Ohio, a Republican, who thus becomes the legal successor to the Presidency in case President Cleveland dies, or is removed from office before the expiration of the term for which he was elected.

John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, a Democrat, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. He presided over the House during the Forty-eighth Congress in a manner which won for him the good-will of both parties. The House has been occupied since the first day of the session with the discussion of the new rules which are hereafter to govern debate. One of the new rules has been proposed to test the sense of the House, and was carried by a large majority. Mr. Randall, the ex-Speaker, was the leader of the minority, which opposed a change in the mode of treating the appropriations.

The Senate has also been busy with the consideration of new rules, but has begun to receive "bills," as all measures are called before they have passed both Houses of Congress and have received the signature of the President, when they become laws. Among the new bills are the following, which will attract attention when they come up for action:

Senator Edmunds proposed to add to his anti-Mormon act a clause confiscating and selling certain properties of the Mormon Church.

Senator Harrison gave notice that he would introduce a bill for the admission of southern Dakota as one of the United States. Senator Voorhees gave a similar notice concerning Idaho.

Senator Hoar brought forward a bill regulating the Presidential succession. The measure provides that, in the event of the death of the President and Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet shall succeed to the Presidency, beginning with the Secretary of State, and continuing in the order of seniority. The Senate has passed this bill, which now awaits the consideration of the House of Representatives. Mr. Randall, of the House, advocates a substitute measure, directing the Presidential Electors to assemble and chose a new President in case the office becomes vacant.

Senator Teller has introduced a bill authorizing an unlimited coinage of silver, and Senator M'Pherson asks Congress for the immediate repeal of the act which compels the government to coin standard silver dollars.

The only bill which has been passed by both Houses awards a life pension of $5,000 per year to the widow of ex-President Grant. Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Tyler already receive similar annuities from the government.

Freedom in Brazil.

BRAZIL is the only country in America where slavery still exists. In a total population of twelve millions there are at present one and one fourth millions of Negro slaves, most of whom work on the coffee plantations of the southern provinces. In 1871, eight years after our own Emancipation Proclamation, the Brazilian Congress passed a law enacting that "all children henceforth born of slave women shall be free." The law also established a fund from the income of which a certain number of slaves should be freed every year. These measures would ultimately result in the complete abolition of African slavery.

A new emancipation bill was passed by the Brazilian Congress at its recent session. The act of 1885 grants immediate freedom to the one hundred thousand slaves who are over sixty years of age. Those who remain in servitude will be officially valued according to their strength and intelligence, and they will be allowed to purchase their own freedom at the government price.

Slavery will be finally abolished in 1899, and with the beginning of the new century not only Brazil, but all America, North as well as South, will at last be free. The American poet, John G. Whittier, greeted the first step toward freedom in Brazil, in 1871, with a poem, from which are taken the following lines:

"With clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more:
No fettered feet thy shaded margin press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea."

The European Powers.

SIX of the twenty European nations wield such a commanding influence in the politics of the continent that they have been named the "Great Powers." These countries are Great Britain, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the French Republic, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and the Kingdom of Italy. These States comprise three fourths of the area and seven eighths of the population of Europe. In the news columns of the papers they are constantly referred to as the Powers, and the list is one which should be remembered by those who wish to understand the current events.

SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR, the greatest of Spanish Republicans, presents a brilliant prospect for Democracy in Europe. His over-enthusiastic words have some foundation, but should not be taken too seriously:

"From one end to the other of this new Europe blows the air of hope. Serfdom in Russia is no more. The great aspirations of Poland are not extinguished, though tyrants have buried her body alive and set her spirit like an extinct star in the Pantheon of a dead epoch. Greece has grown strong and democratic in proportion to the growth of her fundamental institutions. Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, and Roumelia have become nations. The Turkish Empire and the Russian Empire will shortly disappear, one by force of internal revolutions, the other by force of European war. Germany will become parliamentary and liberal as soon as the imperial and Cæsar-like prestige disappears with those who now wear it. Belgium and Holland approach daily nearer to pure democracies. The Helvetic republics, on their Alpine heights, will grow in vigor as a lesson and an example to all. Italy, constituted a progressive nation, and France, a democratic republic, will prove to be necessary organs of universal progress. In virtue of the electoral reforms lately promulgated, a great democracy will take the place of the English aristocracy. A confederation of free peoples will advantageously supplant the monstrous Austrian Empire. And before our century is ended, the great revolutions of America and France will have given all their fruits to Christianity, founding glorious amphictyons of free peoples and nations in the Old World as well as in the New."—*North American Review.*

Four Great Canals.

THROUGH the energy of Ferdinand de Lesseps, a French engineer, the Suez Canal was successfully completed in 1869. It was dug at an expense of $100,000,000 through the fifty miles of desert which divide the waters of the Mediterranean from those of the Red Sea. Its construction has shortened by many thousand miles the long voyage between Europe and Asia.

There have been many plans for piercing the narrow strip of land which joins the two American continents. The success of the Panama Railway has encouraged engineers to devise schemes for transporting loaded vessels from sea to sea. Captain Eads, an American, proposes to build a ship-railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in southern Mexico. Efforts have been made to form a company for digging a canal across the Central American State of Nicaragua.

A French company, under the direction of de Lesseps, is at present constructing a canal for the largest vessels from Aspinwall on the Caribbean Sea to Panama on the Pacific. The work is difficult and expensive. At one point a cutting three hundred feet in depth is required, for there are to be no locks. Furthermore, the route is crossed by the Chagres River, a stream which is swollen by sudden rains to many times its usual volume. An immense dam has been thrown across the river valley to restrain the floods which would otherwise carry every thing before them. The length of the route is forty-seven miles, and the estimated cost of the work was $120,000,000, but more than twice that sum will be needed to complete the canal. Recent reports from the Isthmus have been discouraging, but de Lesseps, who is in his eighty-first year, assures us that he expects to live to see this undertaking crowned with success.

The French Department of Public Works has under consideration a ship-canal from the River Garonne near Bordeaux to the Gulf of Lyons. Such a water-way between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean would do away with the dangerous voyage around the Spanish peninsula and through the straits of Gibraltar, but would also be of great importance to France in case of a European war. At present England, by her position at Gibraltar, controls the entrance to the Mediterranean. The proposed canal would unite the two divisions of the French fleet, leaving England alone upon her inaccessible rock.

Germany is not far behind her French rival in any military or commercial enterprise. While the government at Paris was deliberating, the German Parliament voted to construct a ship-canal from the Baltic to the North Sea at the mouth of the Elbe, and appropriated $40,000,000 to begin the excavation. This canal will shorten the voyage from London to the Baltic ports by twenty-two hours, and will remove the perils of navigation which have made the coast-waters of Denmark a terror to sailors. The military importance of this canal consists in the fact that it will unite the two divisions of the German navy. The work will be completed in seven years.

Spain.

(For Statistics, see OUR YOUTH, No. 1, p. 14.)

THE Spanish Peninsula projects from the southwestern corner of Europe, and is separated from France by the lofty range of the Pyrenees. In the north the climate is damp and cold, but this section is well fitted for grazing. The high central plain, broken by rugged mountains and fertile river valleys, produces an abundance of corn and wine, but is chilled in winter by the winds from the snow-covered peaks, and is intolerably hot in midsummer. In the south is a region of great fertility, where lemons, oranges, olives, and grapes are cultivated with great success.

Madrid, the capital and chief city, is centrally located, and has art collections of great interest. Barcelona is the principal port, and exports fruits, wines, and cork. Granada is famous for the Alhambra, a Moorish palace. Gibraltar, guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, is an English fortress renowned for its strength. The lakes of Spain are small, and the rivers are useful only for watering the regions through which they flow.

The Tarshish whence came the gold of King Solomon was the Spain of to-day. The father of Hannibal tried to subdue the Celtic tribes two centuries before Christ, but both he and the Celts were overcome by the advancing power of Rome, and Spain, like the rest of the world, became a Roman province, 25 B. C. When the empire was overrun by the Barbarians in the fifth century, the Goths settled in this corner of Europe. But they in turn were conquered by the African Moors at Xeres in 711, and these new-comers held their ground in Europe for five centuries. In 1212 the combined Christian kingdoms of the peninsula checked the Moorish power in a great fight at Tolosa, and the famous year 1492 was made more memorable by the conquest of Granada, the last stronghold of the Mohammedans in Europe. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, and their great successors, the Emperor Charles V., and Philip II., the Spanish power was increased by the discovery and conquest of a large part of America, and Spain became the leading nation of the world. But the immense revenues were thrown away in war and vain display, and the thrifty Jews and Moors were expelled from the kingdom. Business at home was neglected for the wonders of the new-found land beyond the sea, and, worst of all, civil wars laid waste the country. Napoleon conquered the weakened state, but his brother was obliged to flee from the throne for his life. Then followed oppression and discontent. The American provinces except Cuba had all been lost by 1825. Two parties fought for the throne. A republic was established, but the sluggish and ignorant people did not know how to use their liberty and the republic fell. Alfonso ruled in peace for eleven years and, dying, left the crown to an infant daughter. Queen Christina as regent is encountering bitter opposition, and it may be that Spain is to experience another era of civil war.

The following books upon the most brilliant epoch in Spanish history are earnestly recommended:

"The Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving. This work is written in the author's best style, and gives a vivid picture of Old Spain in her struggle with the Moors.

"History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," by W. H. Prescott. This history covers the period of the discovery of America, the expulsion of the Moors, and the establishment of the Inquisition.

Pronunciation.

Al-ham'bra.
Am-phic'ty-on.
Asp'in-wall.
Bal'tic (Bŏl'tic).
Bar-cē-lō'na.
Bor-deaux' (Bōr-dō').
Bra-zil'.
Bul-gar'i-a.
Car-ib-bē'an.
Celt (Sĕlt).
Cha'grēs.
Cas-te-lar' (Cas-tā-lar').
Eads (Eeds).
Elbe (Elb).
Ga-ronne (Ga-rŏn').
Gib-ral'tar (Jib-rol'tar).
Gran-a'da (Gran-ah'da.
Han'ni-bal.
Hel-vet'ic.
Ma-drid'.
Med-i-ter-rā'nē-an.
Ni-car-a'gua (Nē-ca-rah'-gwa).
Pa-na-ma'.
Par'nell.
Pyr-e-nees' (Pir-e-neez').
Rou-mēl'i-a.
Rŭs'sia.
Ser'via.
Sou-dan' (Soo-dahn').
Tar'shish.
Te-huan'te-pec (Te-wahn'-te-pec).
Tō-lō'sa.
Xe-res' (Hā-res').

A Brief Survey.

THE truce between Bulgaria and Servia has been extended to January 12.——The Turkish governor of Eastern Roumelia has been recalled, and the union with Bulgaria is likely to prove permanent.——Adolf Deucher has been elected President of Switzerland for 1886.——Mr. Gladstone has announced his willingness to grant a separate Parliament for Ireland. This report was printed in the London papers, and caused the most intense excitement in England, Ireland, and America. Mr. Gladstone publishes a note denying the truth of the report, and saying nothing definite in regard to his future Irish policy.——The massacre of eleven British subjects in Burmah is reported.——Three English regiments have been sent to the Soudan, where the Arabs, under the successor of the "Prophet," have attacked British gun-boats on the Nile.——A plot has been discovered in San Francisco for assassinating twenty of the most wealthy citizens. Four men have been arrested.——A Berlin dispatch says that the Sultan has appointed Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, governor of Eastern Roumelia. If this is true, Turkey has probably recognized the union of the two countries.——On the 28th of December the French Republic will elect a president for a term of seven years.——The French Canadians are trying to enlist the support of the Irish of America for an attack upon the English government of Canada.——By a railway accident in Georgia eleven lives were lost.——Twenty-four miners were imprisoned in a coal-mine at Nanticoke, Penn., Dec. 18, by the caving of a vein of quicksand.——Emperor William, of Germany, Chancellor Bismarck, and Pope Leo XIII. have been slightly ill this month.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Resolved: That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

Secular=not having a distinctively religious tendency.

That there may be no misunderstanding, we will describe again the plan of debate. In our issue of January 9 we shall print the best six paragraphs in support of the question proposed above. These arguments must contain not more than 150 *words*, and must reach us by January 3. In OUR YOUTH for January 16 six more arguments will be printed in support of the same side. They must be in our hands by January 10. The issues of January 23 and 30 will contain arguments *against* the resolution. The two debaters who have, in the opinion of the editor, best supported their respective sides will be allowed 200 words each in OUR YOUTH for February 13, in which to sum up. The decision of a special committee on the weight of argument will follow these two articles.

Hints to our debaters:

1. Fix the subject clearly in mind, and do not wander from the point.
2. Write as briefly and concisely as possible, on *one side of the paper.*
3. State whether you wish your name to appear with your argument or not.

We trust that many will take part in this novel discussion, and help make OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB a thorough success.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Only one trouble with that preacher," said the brakeman, as the sermon closed after a slow run of an hour and a quarter and two laps. "What's that?" the switchman wanted to know. "Poor terminal facilities," the brakeman replied.

—As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"O, the train's broke in two!" replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they s'pose a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

—Chicago has a new system by which you can telephone for a policeman. You don't get him, but neither do you by tearing round the streets and howling, so that the telephone is regarded as a big improvement.—*Boston Post.*

—When Rubinstein was in this country, "Josh Billings" was introduced to him, and the pianist in conversation presently endeavored to impress upon the Yankee an idea of his high family rank. "Indeed," he said, "I have ascertained that my ancestors were prominent men in the Crusades, and one of them accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa." "On the piano, I suppose," said Josh.

—In the office of one of the hotels recently a gentleman snapped his fingers at a boot-black, and as he put his foot on the box, he said,

"You look like a good, smart boy."

"See here, mister!" replied the boy, as he rose up, a brush in either hand, "I've had that game played on me a dozen times, and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine or whether you're going to pat me on the head when I get through and tell me that I'll be governor of the State some day?"

—George Outram, a noted wag, wrote the following epigram on a certain doctor of divinity's eyes:

"I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

—Mark Twain, in his war article in the December "Century," says that a bull-dog seized one of his fellow-soldiers, and the owners of the dog couldn't undo him. "They didn't know his combination." We are surprised at this ignorance. We supposed every one knew this combination. It is No. 11. Twist the dog's body eleven times to the right, and pull hard on the tail.

—"You should have a thermometer to ascertain the proper temperature of the water," said a fond mother to the colored nurse who was giving the baby a bath.

"Whaffor?"

"To tell when the water is too hot or too cold."

"Don't need no sich dockerment. Ef de chile turns blue de water am too cold, and ef hit turns red den hit am too hot." And now the colored lady is open to an order.—*Babyland.*

—Now the small boy is anxious and filled with dread lest he will not recover from Christmas dinner in time to make calls at New Year's, "where they've got sumthin' to eat."

—"Say," shouted a small boy to a passer-by, "come in and call."

"I don't know your family."

"O, that's all right. The Brown girls have had sixty-seven calls, and ours only fifty-eight countin' the milkman, the butcher, and a messenger boy. Come ahead; every thing counts now!"

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